12 April 1796 Purchased at King's Sale

TRANSLATION of a POEM,

LATELY PUBLISHED

INTITLED

FARTHING GILES.

PREFACE.

AS a truly original Poem hath lately made its appearance, under the title of *Farthing Giles*, which abounds with latent ſenſe and beauty; but whoſe language is too ſublime for ordinary apprehenſion; the public is, therefore, humbly preſented with a *tranſlation* of it in *plain Engliſh*, illuſtrated with notes, critical and explanatory; together with a true copy of the oppoſite pages; to which the tranſlator hopes he will be allowed to have done no injuſtice; nor will the author, it is preſumed, have cauſe to complain that his poem has ſo ſoon gone through a ſecond edition, which is a ſure proof of its merit.

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FARTHING GILES.

A POEM.

DEDICATED TO

Mrs WALLIS,

OF

SEAHAM.

Me petit—Pauperemque Dives

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED FOR THE TRANSLATOR.

MDCCLXXXIV.

NB. 1784.

GUINEA DICK.

A POEM.

DEDICATED TO

Mrs * * * * * * *,

OF

S * * * * * *.

—————————DIVITEMQUE PAUPER
TE PETIT—————————

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED FOR THE TRANSLATOR.

MDCCLXXXIV.

ORIGINAL.

MADAM,

AS the following lines were *wrote* and preſented to you on *New Year's Day*, and met with your approbation, the Author, preſuming upon that, has ventured to make them public.

Your own perſonal knowledge of the Poor Man, who is the Hero of the Piece, will induce you to treat it at leaſt as you would do an obſcure painting; place it in a good light. In that caſe, the Painter ſees juſtice done him. The Poet only wiſhes for the ſame indulgence. Let not, then, the one have reaſon to triumph over the other; but by allowing each their reſpective rights,

Much oblige

The AUTHOR.

TRANSLATION.

MADAM,

AS the following tranſlation was *wrote*, though not preſented to you, on *April-Day*, and therefore could not have your approbation; the Author, *preſuming* upon that, has ventured to make it public.

Your own *perſonal knowledge* of the *once Poor Man*, who is the *Hero of the Piece*, will induce you to treat it as generouſly as you have done him, by ſeeing it in *a good light*, and granting it a corner in your houſe. The Tranſlator only wiſhes it the ſame indulgence. Let not, then, the one have reaſon to triumph over the other; but by allowing each their reſpective rights,

Much oblige

The TRANSLATOR.

ORIGINAL.

FARTHING GILES.

ON Britain's coaſt, where northern blaſts prevail,
And o'er the ſea the wave-worn veſſels ſail,
High on the beach, a country church appears,
Rever'd for GOD, and much rever'd for years:
Antient it is, as Saxon chizzel ſhews;
For o'er the doors remain the zigzag rows
Of Runic date. Hard by the Rector lives,
Thankful for all his bounteous Maker gives;
Thoughtful for nought, while church-men mitres ſeek,
But how to pleaſe his pariſh once a week.
His friendly ſteeple, to the ſailor's heart,
Gives greater joy than piles of Doric art;

TRANSLATION.

GUINEA DICK.

ON Britain's Coaſt, where eaſtern gales
Aſſault each wave-worn ſhip that ſails,
High on the beach, a church appears,
Rever'd for GOD, but *more* for years;
For Saxon chizzel plainly ſhews
That Runic are the zigzag rows *.
Hard by the RECTOR'D VICAR † lives,
Thankful for all his lady gives;
Thoughtful for nought, but how to ſeek
A ſmuggled ſermon once a week.
The friendly ſteeple, to his heart,
Gives greater joy than Doric art ‡:

* It is a pity that the Author of Farthing Giles did not publiſh this valuable diſcovery before the late election of a preſident of the *Antiquarian Society*.

† This epithet is purely *poetical*, to heighten the idea of the ſubſtantive, to which it is appropriated.

‡ This ſtructure, though principally *Saxon* or *Runic*, yet muſt be allowed to have no inconſiderable daſh of the *Doric*. The Author only means that it is not ſo much for its architectural beauties, as on other accounts, that it gives ſo much *joy to the heart* of its admirer.

At ſight of it, the veſſels gliding by
Hoiſt ev'ry ſail, and every effort try
To gain the HARBOUR*, where the Sailors find
Their money welcome, and their ſweethearts kind.
Thou, modeſt pile, receiv'ſt the parting glance
Of thoſe who trade to Holland or to France;
Some take their leave, ne'er more to come again,
Devoted victims of th' inclement main!
Some, ſtript of all, and only with their lives,
Return to thee, their children and their wives.
Yet THOU ſtand'ſt ſafe, whatever ſtorms betide,
At once the landmen and the ſeamen's guide.
The church and Rector's houſe at firſt are ſeen,
But why, alas! forget the chearful Green?
The green, where many ſportive gambols chear
The drooping Autumn and reviving year.
There ſtands the Cottage, where poor GILES preſides,
The aged watcher of the ebbing tides:

* SUNDERLAND.

To this, erewhile, he uſed to hie,
The 'SQUIRE's * at Ryehope, *poſting* by †,
To gain *his harbour*, there to find,
With welcome caſh, a miſtreſs kind.
He, modeſt youth, here woo'd the glance,
More luring than the trade to France:
Then took his leave—to come again—
His *way-worn* hack to ſweat and ſtrain:
Devoted victim! ſcarce, with life,
Outſtanding till he gain'd his wife;
Fearleſs o'er hedge and ditch to ride—
The ſteeple is the parſon's guide.
The church and Vicar's houſe are ſeen;
But why forget the chearful green?
The chearful green, where *aſſes run*,
To make the 'Squire and Captain fun.
There ſtands the cot, where Giles preſides,
The watcher of the ebbing tides.

* The VICAR has thought proper to ſatyriſe the 'SQUIRE, without *rhyme or reaſon*, unleſs that, when in his *curatical* ſtate, and *poſting* his daily ſtages, he was too much *taken notice of* by the 'SQUIRE.

† Alluding to a common ſaying, "He rides like the *Jeruſalem poſt-boy*."

He, ſolitary thing *! ſeeks on the beach,
What ſome in ſmoother ways attempt to reach;
And ſome in rugged paths, as well as he,
Vainly ſearch on to all eternity.

Why dives the Indian headlong thro' the deep?
Why roves the Arab o'er the pathleſs ſteep?
What gains the ear of Stateſmen and of Kings?
And bids the Miſer ſhun all meaner things?
But thou, almighty GOLD, whoſe matchleſs wiles
Allure us all, as well as FARTHING GILES †.

For THOU, at ſun-riſe, call'ſt him to the ſtrand,
E'en now, in fancy, graſping in his hand
Some precious caſket, which a cruel wave
Doom'd, with its maſter, to a wat'ry grave:
Or when the ſun-beam on ſome pebble ſhines,
The glitt'ring ſpark muſt come from foreign mines;
And, as he haſtes to ſeize his darling prize,
Oft lifts his palſy'd hand to clear his eyes.

* Vide Goldſmith's Deſerted Village.

† A poor old man, who lives at Seaham, near Sunderland. He has rendered himſelf remarkable by a large collection of farthings, and is generally to be ſeen upon the Sands.

But long poor Giles the tides may watch,
Ere he his VICAR's luck can match:
In many a ragged path may he
Search on to all eternity.

Why dives the Indian through the deep?
Why roves the Arab o'er the ſteep?
What gains the ear of lords and kings,
And bids them ſhun all meaner things?
But thou, almighty GOLD, whoſe wiles
Parſons allure, as well as Giles.

THOU call'ſt the CURATE to the ſtrand,
In fancy, graſping in his hand
The GUINEAS, which a matron grave
Took ſo much pains to get and ſave.
On pebbles let the ſun-beam ſhine;
Sparks glitter in a foreign mine:
GUINEAS attract the CURATE's eyes;
Who haſtes to ſeize his darling prize.

Soon does he ſnatch it from its grav'lly bed,
Then finds the cheat, and penſive hangs his head.
All is not gold that gliſters, GILES is ſure,
Nor they moſt happy, who no toils endure;
The ſtate that ſhines in eaſe, and looks ſo bright,
Yields, like the pebble, but a borrow'd light.
Hardſhips and dangers give to life a zeſt,
Break the dull circle form'd by conſtant reſt.
GILES ſtops not here, but thinks, tho' this was ſtone,
The next may prove an Indian Monarch's zone,
Beſet with rubies; ſuch as Cortes wore,
The ſpoil of princes, on the Mexic ſhore.
For this, behold him clamber o'er the rock,
And graſp a rag—a ſhipwreck'd ſailor's ſtock.
No ſooner one dear flatt'ring hope is paſt,
Than comes another ſtronger than the laſt.
So does one wave another's place ſupply,
And youth gain vigour, while the aged die.
GILES has his feelings, tho' a hardy man,
And now, benumb'd with cold, returns to FAN,
An aged helpmate, bending o'er the fire,
Who helps to build his airy caſtles higher.

Of this each night he dreams in bed,
Then finds the cheat, and hangs his head.
Gold glifters finely, DICK is ſure,
To chear the toils he muſt endure:
Let DICK but ſhine at laſt, all's right,
Though, pebble-like, with borrow'd light,
Dreams, ſuch as theſe, give ſleep a zeſt,
And break the circle of dull reſt.

DICK, therefore, leaves unturn'd no ſtone;
For tempting is the virgin's zone,
As that which greedy Cortes wore,
The plund'rer of the Mexic ſhore.
For this DICK ſcampers o'er each rock,
Nor heeds Denial's rudeſt ſhock.
No ſooner one dear hope is paſt,
Than comes a ſtronger than the laſt:
Thus babes are born, while old folks die,
And prieſts each others place ſupply.

Yet DICK is not a hardy man;
But oft, at night, all pale and wan,
Returns to *** *****'s good fire,
Who builds his airy caſtles higher.

With toil worn out, and ſpirits now grown faint,
He lowly ſays, "'Twould ſurely vex a ſaint,
That I'm grown old, and can no jewel catch:"
"Remember, GILES, our neighbour found a watch*;
Still, ſtill proceed, ſtill early leave thy cot;
The cloth about thy head I'll kindly knot,
Which from thy breaſt may baniſh all thy fears
Of chilling blaſts, and warm thy aged ears;
And, after all, if Fortune ſtill denies
To let us riſe, as other mortals riſe,
(For all her favors court, as well as we,
By toils on land, or harder toils by ſea),
We'll to the bag†, which thou holdſt wond'rous faſt,
And claim its kind aſſiſtance at the laſt."
Enough, cry'd GILES, I'll ſtill my courſe purſue,
And what I find I'll freely bring to you:
If jewels fail me, ſure I am of wood
To warm the hearth, and dreſs our daily food.

* A man at Ryehope, ſome years ago, had the good fortune to find a gold watch.

† The BAG of FARTHINGS.

With toil worn out, and now grown faint,
He lowly ſays, "'Twou'd vex a ſaint,
I cannot yet my *jewel* catch!"——
"Remember, Dick, who found a watch *:
Still, ſtill proceed; purſue the plot;
About thy head I'll kindly knot
A cloth, to baniſh all thy fears,
Of chilling blaſts, and warm thy ears.
If cruel Fortune ſtill denies
To let thee riſe, as others riſe,
(All court her ſmiles, as well as thee,
By toils on land, or toils by ſea),
We'll to the cag, which I keep faſt,
And drink *to better luck at laſt.*"
"Enough, cries Dick, I'll ſtill purſue,
And gladly ſtill return to you:
If Jenny ſcorns me, you are good,
And warm my bed, and dreſs my food:

* This, being an inſtance of *acquiſition without merit*, is very properly adduced in the preſent caſe. What luck have ſome folks!

Wrecks of huge ſize oft float within my view,
But theſe are Milbank's, or the Biſhop's due.
Ne'er will I wrong the Biſhop or the 'Squire;
Juſtice be mine, and all my thoughts inſpire!
As to the RECTOR, if he minds the poor,
Ne'er ſhall the wonted Yule-clog* miſs his door;
I, with my faithful PRINCY by my ſide,
Will ſave this yearly tribute from the tide.
I'll to the cag, I found the other day,
As o'er the Sands I bent my weary way;
Haſte, then, with me, our daily courſe is run,
To drink the RECTOR's health, and new born ſon;
And, after that, we'll venture on another,
To wiſh a good recov'ry to the MOTHER.
Long may they live, in lengthen'd bliſs, to ſhare
The heart-felt comforts of a SON and HEIR.

* Every Chriſtmas Eve GILES lays two clogs at the RECTOR's door.

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FINIS.

The ſteeple ſtill invites my view,
And ſeems to tell me, 'tis my due.
Ambition then my ſoul inſpire!
A fig for Biſhop and for Squire!
The curſed clog, that blocks the door,
Is only this, that I am poor *;
But ſtill my faithful hack I'll ride,
Till JENNY is her DICKY's BRIDE."

At length arrives the happy day:
O'er ſands no more DICK ſcours his way;
Dull courtſhip's daily courſe is run;
DICK weds—and beds—and gets a ſon.—
Here's both their healths; and here's another;
A good recov'ry to the mother.
Long may they live, in bliſs, to ſhare
The comforts of a ſon and heir †.

* This ſerves to account for that violent love of charity which diſtinguiſhes the Hero of this Tranſlation, and juſtifies his ſatire upon a *harden'd crew*, whom he has lately ſtigmatized as devoid of his darling virtue; and, indeed, ſo *harden-ed* are they, that they dare to apologize for themſelves, by urging the VICAR's own doctrine, that a *hard*, as well as a *melting* heart, is *the gift of Heav'n*—and *how can they beſtow what ne'er was given?*

† It is allowed to be a *chef d'œuvre* in matrimony *to get a ſon:* How much greater then muſt be the *bliſs* and *comfort* of *getting an heir?* This ſtroke con-cludes the performance with the higheſt eclat.

FINIS.

Extempore

20. To Mr W. on hearing that He intends answering a late Publication called Guinea Dic

1.

Thou would if Thou could but Thou hast not the power
To be willing is not to be Able
To engage thy Superior wile sink thee still lower
Remember the Frog in the Fable.

2.

As a friend I advise thee whatever betides
To let such intentions alone
Farthing Gules is sufficient for all our Back-sides
To keep thy Reply for thy own.

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